

snowball by homosexualbyers

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Summary:

Mike Wheeler can't go with Eleven to the Snowball anymore and there's only one other person he can take.

snowball

“Will?” Mike says, looking up at his friend, who was sat on his front on the bed inside Castle Byers. Concentration glazes over his eyes as he idly sketches and his nose shined red in the cold December air.

“Have you found the snacks?” He asks.

Mike snaps out of his perhaps too long gaze at his friend. “Oh yeah. They’re right here.” He says quickly and slides out a dusty shoe box from under the bed.

Will watches him and bites the tip of his pencil, the corners of his lips twitching into a smile. Mike stands up and hands him one of the sandwiches from the box. Will sits up to face Mike and nibbles into it. Mike straightens up, he was aching for something to eat too but he felt like if he did he’d most definitely throw up. Mike was always nervous alone with him but today, with knowing what he had to do, was the worst.

“Did you wanna say something, Mike?” Will asks.

“What- oh yeah.” Mike mumbles, his cheeks go a little red. “Well you know- no, urm” Mike hadn’t really put enough thought into how he was going to word this at all. “Don’t think this is weird or anything. Well, it might be. It probably will be. But it’s completely fine to just say no.”

“Say it, Mike.” Will tells him.

“You know me and Eleven were going to go to the snowball before she... disappeared. I was thinking since I don’t have anyone to go with anymore and you didn’t have anyone in the first place, maybe

you want to go together?” Mike burns red and looks away. He plays with a tassel on his scarf, wrapping it around his finger then unwrapping it again then repeat. “I figured Christmas is your favourite holiday and you don’t wanna miss-”

“Yeah! Sure!” Will cuts in. “Of course I’ll go with you.”

Will beams at him, and just like that Mike’s worry washes away. Mike gets a hot flask full of hot chocolate out of his bag and hands it to Will, their fingers touch. “Your fingers are freezing.” Mike says.

“Yeah. It snowed.” Will tells him snarkily.

Mike moves beside Will on the bed and clasps Will’s hands around the warm flask. “Is that better?” Will nods. “This is your first Christmas back Will and I’m going to make it as exciting as possible.”

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Will can’t control his hands, they’re fidgeting everywhere and he has no idea where to put them. He’s being like that ever since Mike asked him to the dance. It blew him away just thinking about it. Mike Wheeler asked him out! Mike Wheeler with the cute hair who was always always nice to him and came and sat by his bed everyday after school when he got back from the Upside Down.

“Hey Jonathan?” Will says.

Jonathan stops rinsing the plates and smiles over at Will. He and Joyce had being extra cautious around him since his return. “Can you take me to the dance on Friday?” Will asks.

Jonathan rinses off the last plate and dries off his hands with a towel. "You're going to the Snowball this year? Does Mike not have a Dungeons and Dragons game planned?" He leans against the kitchen counter facing Will.

"No. Mike asked me to go with him." Will can't help but smile. It was great to say that out loud.

Jonathan's eyes widen and he sits down across the table from Will. "So like you, Dustin, Lucas and Mike are going as a group?"

Will shakes his head. He hoped not. Mike didn't say anything about them. "I don't think so. I thought it was like a date."

Jonathan stares at his brother partly amazed, partly in fear. "Listen, Will, you can't go saying stuff like that. It's- It's different."

"What? Jonathan, you're the one who's always saying it's okay to be different." Will says, getting a little mad.

Jonathan shakes his head hurriedly. "It's not bad. It's great. I'm your brother I don't care who you wanna kiss. It's just people don't like it." He tells him, his cheeks turning rosy.

"Why not?" Something clenches in Will's throat and his question comes out all squeaky and panicked. What if he couldn't go with Mike after all? He hated the idea of that, he'd be waiting for months for his chance.

"Honestly, I don't know." Jonathan replies. He had no idea what would make people want to hurt someone like Will. "It's okay though, alright?" He says warmly, noticing his brother was getting rather stressed out. "People at the dance just don't necessarily need to know you and Mike are there together... like-like a date." Jonathan smirks at him.

Will pipes up immediately. “So it is a date!” He chirps.

Jonathan laughs. Above all else he loved seeing the kid happy and he didn’t see why he couldn’t go with Mike if he was so pleased about. Jonathan couldn’t tell him no, could he? What kind of a guy would he be if he did that? He gets up from the table and squeezes Will’s shoulder as he passes and heads to his room.

“Hey Jonathan?” Will says again.

Jonathan turns to look at him where he sits positively beaming at the prospects of a date with his first and only crush.

“Are me and Mike boyfriends now?” Will asks hopefully.

Jonathan laughs again. “I don’t know, we’ll see, buddy.”

Author’s Note:

Thanks for reading the first part! I will have the next part up as soon as possible, although that could be forever with me. Please feel free to leave a comment and let me know if I make a grammar or spelling error I tend to be bad at those lmao